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"Quocumque me Fortuna ferat, ibo hospes."

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BRIGHAM & WATERMAN, attorneys at law, D. and solicitors in Chancery, Hyde Park, Vt. Particular attention given to the collection of all claims against the Government, widows', invalids, and other pensions, bounties, back pay, &c. WALDO BRIGHAM, GEO. L. WATERMAN.

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W. M. L. WHITE, M.D., physician and surgeon, Hyde Park, Vt. Office at the former residence of J. T. Allen.

O. P. FORBUSH, surgeon dentist, Office in the Patriot Building, State st., Montpelier Vt.

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H. A. SCOTT, watchmaker and jeweler, Morristown Plain, Vt. Clocks, watches, and jewelry cleaned and repaired on short notice. All work entrusted to him executed in a satisfactory manner.

C. W. SCOTT, watchmaker and jeweler, Johnson, Vt. keeps constantly on hand an assortment of clocks, jewelry, patent medicines, Essences, hair oils, candles, spruce gum, &c. [S]

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A. H. WELLS, merchant tailor, Waterbury, Vt. dealer in the best broadcloths, doeskins, cassimeres, vestings, tailors' trimmings, custom made clothing. Gents' furnishing goods, &c. Garments made in the most approved manner, and warranted to fit.

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L. N. LEIGHTON, Eden Corners, Vt., here-by announces to the citizens of Lamoille County and vicinity that he has made arrangements for doing House, Carriage and Furniture Painting and Gilding, in the neatest manner, and with the utmost dispatch. He also attends to paper hanging and glazing. All orders promptly attended to.

Carriage Maker.

WILSON GRISWOLD, carriage and sleigh maker, Elmore, Vt. keeps constantly on hand, carriages and sleighs, of the best workmanship, and got up in the best style. Repairing done promptly.

From the Home Journal.

WATCHING AT MIDNIGHT.

BY STELLA OF LACKAWANNA.

Winds that clamor with tempest-breath:
Hush! I would list to the tread of Death.

Stir not, winter boughs, rent and bare!
Something clambers the entry stair.

Would 'twere a fancied step at last!
Heart, ye are throbbing wildly fast!

But 'tis he. Oh, my child! my child!
To drag the forth in the midnight wild.

Oh, to be left by the vacant bed,
Watching in vain for a nestling head.

Thinking ever of one sweet face,
Lifted yet for a last embrace;

Yet alone in the lamplight dim,
While thou, darling, art gone with him!

Hush, wild winds, through the branches bare,
'Tis—'tis he on the entry stair!

Love! stand guard at the bolted door!
Battle as never ye did before!

Hold! plead gently with him to-night!
Tell him the red on my cheek wanes white;

Whisper him softly as love may speak,
That my woman's fondness makes me weak.

Then, perchance, he will leave the door,
Nor stretch his shadow across the floor.

Not a nestle, a move, a breath!
One is vanquished!—'tis Love! 'tis Death!

Heart, throb slower! cheek, not so white!
Death has gone from our gate to-night.

Over the way the door is barred;
Over the way fond love keeps guard;

But a startled cry over the moonless street,
And his shadow lies at the watcher's feet.

And a sob, like the wail of the homeless sea,
Comes in the restless night to me;

And the low winds moan in the plaintive tone,
While the watchers weep by the dead alone.

SEVERAL LITTLE STORIES, BY OR ABOUT PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

It would be hardly necessary to inform the nation that our worthy President, in the midst of the anxieties of a state of war that continually torture his mind, is wont to find occasional relief in an appropriate anecdote or well-turned jest.

No man, says Mrs. Stowe, has suffered more and deeper, albeit with a dry, weary, patient pain, than President Lincoln. "Whichever way it ends," he said to the writer, "I have the impression that I shan't last long after it is over." After the dreadful repulse of Fredericksburg he is reported to have said: "If there is a man out of hell that suffers more than I do, I pity him." In those dark days his heavy eyes and worn and weary air told how our reverses were upon him, and yet there was a never-failing fund of patience at the bottom, that sometimes rose to the surface in some droll, quaint saying or story, that forced a laugh even from himself.

PRESIDENTIAL FUNS.

Mr. Lincoln, in his happier moments, is not always reminded of a "little story," but often indulges in a veritable joke. One of the latest reported is his remark when he found himself attacked by the varioloid. He had been recently very much worried by people asking favors. "Well," said he, when the contagious disease was coming upon him, "I've got something now that I can give to everybody." About the time when there was considerable grumbling as to the delay in forwarding to the troops the money due them, a western paymaster, in full major's attire, was once introduced at a public reception. "Being here, Mr. Lincoln," said he, "I thought I'd call and pay my respects." From the complaints of the soldiers," responded the President, "I guess that's about all any of you do pay."

It is told by a general correspondent, who is probably "reliable," that Mr. Lincoln was walking up Pennsylvania avenue the other day, relating "a little story" to Secretary Seward, when the latter called his attention to a new sign bearing the name of "T. R. Strong." "Ha!" says Old Abe, his countenance lighting up with a peculiar smile, "T. R. Strong, but coffee are stronger." Seward smiled, but made no reply. We don't see how he could reply after so atrocious a thing as that.

A STORY CONCERNING A SECOND TERM.

A gentleman, it is said, some time ago hinted to the President that it was deemed quite settled that he would accept a renomination for his present office, whereupon Mr. Lincoln was reminded of a sto-

ry of Jesse Dubois out in Illinois. Jesse, as State Auditor, had charge of the State House at Springfield. An itinerant preacher came along and asked the use of it for a lecture.

"On what subject?" asked Jesse. "Answered the long-faced Millerite. "O bosh," retorted Uncle Jesse testily: "I guess if our Savior had ever been to Springfield, and had got away with his life, he'd be too smart to think of coming back again."

This Mr. Lincoln said, was very much his case about the succession.

As a further elucidation of Mr. Lincoln's estimation of Presidential honors, a story is told of how a supplicant for office of more than ordinary pretensions called upon him, and, presuming on the activity he had shown in behalf of the Republican ticket, asserted, as a reason why the office should be given to him, that he had made Mr. Lincoln, President. "You made me President, did you," said Mr. Lincoln, with a twinkle of his eye. "I think I did," said the applicant. "Then a precious mess you've got me into, that's all," replied the President, and closed the discussion.

ABOUT THE NEGRO QUESTION.

The story will be remembered, perhaps, of Mr. Lincoln's reply to a Springfield (Ill.) clergyman, who asked him what was to be his policy on the slavery question.

"Well, your question is rather a cool one, but I will answer it by telling you a story. You know Father B., the old Methodist preacher? and you know Fox river and its freshets? Well, once in the presence of Father B., a young Methodist was worrying about Fox river, and expressing fears that he should be prevented from fulfilling some of his appointments by a freshet in the river. Father B. checked him in his gravest manner. Said he: 'Young man, I have always made it a rule in my life not to cross Fox river till I get to it.' "And," said the President, "I am not going to worry myself over the slavery question till I get to it." A few days afterwards a Methodist minister called on the President, and on being presented to him, said simply: "Mr. President, I have come to tell you that I think we have got to Fox river!" Mr. Lincoln thanked the clergyman and laughed heartily.

One day, it is said, a distinguished New York official was at Washington, and in an interview with the President, introduced the question of emancipation. "Well you see," said Mr. Lincoln, "we've got to be mighty cautious how we manage the negro question. If we're not, we shall be like the barber out in Illinois, who was shaving a fellow with a hatchet face and lantern jaws like mine. The barber put his finger in his customer's mouth, to make his cheek stick out; but while shaving away he cut through the fellow's cheek and cut off his own finger! If we don't play smart about the negro we shall do as the barber did."

It is greatly to the credit of the President that he has since unlearned many of his Kentucky prejudices on the subject of freedom, and is now able to do what is just and right.

AN AGREABLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mr. Lincoln, as the highest public officer of the nation, is necessarily very much bored by all sorts of people calling upon him.

An officer of the government called one day at the White House, and introduced a clerical friend. "Mr. President," said he, "allow me to present to you my friend, the Rev. Mr. F. of ———. Mr. F. has expressed a desire to see you, and I am happy to be the means of introducing him." The President shook hands with Mr. F., and desiring him to be seated, took a seat himself. Then—his countenance having assumed an expression of patient waiting—he said: "I am now ready to hear what you have to say." "O, bless you, sir," said Mr. F., "I have nothing especially to say. I merely called to pay my respects to you, and, as one of the million, to assure you of my hearty sympathy and support." "My dear sir," said the President, rising promptly—his face showing instant relief, and with both hands grasping that of his visitor, "I am

very glad to see you; I am very glad to see you, indeed. I thought you had come to preach to me!"

CONCERNING CONGRESSMEN.

It is stated that he was so much disgusted at the crowd of officers who some time ago used to loiter about the Washington hotels, and he is reported to have remarked to a member of Congress: "These fellows and the Congressmen do vex me sorely."

Another member of Congress was conversing with the President, and was somewhat annoyed by the President's propensity to divert attention from the serious subject he had on his mind, by ludicrous allusions.

"Mr. Lincoln," said he, "I think you would have your joke if you were within a mile of hell."

"Yes," said the President, "that is about the distance to the Capitol." When informed that Gen. Stoughton had been captured by the rebels at Fairfax, the President is reported to have said that he did not mind the loss of the Brigadier as he did the loss of the horses "For," said he, "I can make a much better Brigadier in five minutes, but the horses cost a hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece."

INQUIRITIVENESS NONPLUSED.

Mr. Lincoln has a very effective way sometimes of dealing with men who trouble him with questions. Somebody asked him how many men the rebels had in the field. He replied very seriously, "Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority." The interrogator blanched in the face, and ejaculated, "My God!" "Yes, sir, twelve hundred thousand—no doubt of it. You see, all of our Generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbered them from three or five to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field, and three times four make twelve. Don't you see it?" The inquisitive man looked for his hat soon after "seeing it."

"When the Sherman expedition which captured Port Royal was fitting out, there was a great curiosity to learn where it had gone. A person visiting the Chief Magistrate at the White House impudently asked him to disclose the destination to him. "Will you keep it entirely secret?" asked the President. "Oh, yes, upon my honor," "Well," said the President, "I'll tell you." Assuming an air of great mystery, and drawing the man close to him, he kept him a moment waiting the revelation with an open mouth and great anxiety. "Well," said he in a loud whisper which was heard all over the room, "the expedition has gone to—sea!"

When General Banks was fitting out his expedition to New Orleans it will be remembered that he used to answer all questions as to its destination with great frankness by saying that it was going south.

A REDUKE TO PEOPLE ASKING TRIVIAL FAVORS.

A Virginia farmer, not over patriotic, probably, importuned the President to use his influence to have a claim for damage done to his farm by soldiers considered immediately. "Why, my dear sir," replied Mr. Lincoln blandly, "I couldn't think of such a thing. If I considered individual cases, I should find work enough for twenty Presidents!" "But," said the persevering sufferer, "couldn't you just give me a line to Colonel ———?" "Ha, ha, ha!" responded Old Abe, "you remind me of old Jock Chase, out in Illinois." At this the crowd huddled forward to listen. "You see Jock—I knew him like a brother—used to be a lumberman on the Illinois, and he was steady and sober, and the best craftsman on the river. It was quite a trick twenty-five years ago to take the logs over the rapids, but he was skillful with a raft and always kept her straight in the channel. Finally a steamboat was put on, and Jock—he's dead now, poor fellow!—was made captain of her. He always used to take the wheel, going through the rapids. One day, when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current, and Jock's utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his coat-tail and hailed him with, 'Say! Mister captain! I wish you'd jest stop

your boat a minute—I've lost my apple overboard!"

A STORY FOR MR. BATES.

One day when Mr. Bates was remonstrating with Mr. Lincoln against the appointment of some indifferent lawyer to a place of judicial importance, the President interposed with, "Come, now, Bates, he's not half so bad as you think. Besides that, I must tell you, he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was going to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, and I had no horse. The judge overtook me in his wagon. 'Hello, Lincoln, are you not going to the courthouse? Come in, and I'll give you a seat.' Well, I got in, and the judge went on reading his papers. Presently the wagon struck a stump on one side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out, and I saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat, so, says I, 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a little drop too much this morning.' 'Well I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not much wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half a dozen times since starting.' So, putting his head out of the window, he shouted, 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!' Upon which, pulling up his horses, and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said: 'By gorra! that's the first rightful decision you have given for the last twelve months!'"

A FEW MORE LITTLE STORIES.

A gentleman was telling at the White House how a friend of his had been driven away from New Orleans as a Unionist, and how, on his expulsion, when he asked to see the writ by which he was expelled, the deputation which called on him told him that the government had made up their minds to do nothing illegal, and so they had issued no illegal writs, and simply meant to make him go of his own free will. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that reminds me of a hotel-keeper down at St. Louis, who boasted that he never had a death in his hotel, for whenever a guest was dying in his house he carried him out to die in the street."

A man from New York tells of an interview he had with the President. "How are you," said he. "I saw your card, but did not see you. I was glad, however, that you called me, and I was reminded of an anecdote of Mr. Whittlesey. "When Mr. Cox, then a young man, first came here, Mr. Whittlesey said to him: 'Sir, have you carded the senators?' 'No, sir; I thought I would curry favor first, and then come back.' 'It is no joking matter, sir,' said Mr. Whittlesey, seriously. 'It is your duty to card the senators, sir; and it is customary, I believe, to card the cabinet also, and you ought to do it, sir. But,' he added, after a moment's thought, 'I think I am wrong; the cabinet may card you.'"

One of the new levies of troops required the appointment of a large additional number of brigadier and major-generals. The applications and recommendations accordingly poured in, immense numbers. They were carried to the President for examination, by the bushel-basketful. Mr. Lincoln came upon one wherein the claims of a certain worthy (not in the service at all) for a generalship were glowingly set forth. But the applicant didn't specify whether he wanted to be brigadier or major-general. The President observed this difficulty, and solved it by a lucid endorsement. The clerk, on receiving the paper again, found written across its back, "Major-General, I reckon. A. Lincoln."

SOMEONE WAS "SMOKING IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PRESIDENT PERSONALLY." Some one was "smoking in the presence of the President and complimented him on having no vices, neither drinking nor smoking. "That is a doubtful compliment," answered the President, "I recollect once being outside a stage in Illinois and a man sitting by me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing, smoked for some time, and then granted out, 'It's my experience that folks who have no vices have plagued few virtues.'"

The President is rather vain of his height, but one day a young man called on him who was certainly three inches

taller than the former; he was like the mathematical definition of the straight line—length without breadth. "Really," said Mr. Lincoln, "I must look up to you; if you ever get in a deep place you ought to be able to wade out." That reminds us of the story told of Mr. Lincoln somewhere when a crowd called him out. He came out on the balcony with his wife (who, somewhat below medium height,) and made the following "brief remarks": "Here I am, and here is Mrs. Lincoln. That's the long and short of it."

TWO INSTANCES WHEREIN THE PRESIDENT WAS NOT REMINDED OF A STORY.

The President is naturally enough a good deal bantered about his habit of storytelling. Dr. Hovey, of Dansville, N. Y., called at the White House and found the occupant on horseback, ready for a ride. He approached and said: "President Lincoln, I thought I would call and see you before leaving the city, and hear you tell a story." The President greeted him pleasantly, and asked where he was from. The reply was: "From Western New York." "Well, that's a good enough country without stories," replied the President, and off he rode.

Some moral philosopher was telling the President one day about the undercurrent of public opinion. He went on to explain it at length, and drew an illustration from the Mediterranean Sea. The current seemed very curiously to flow in both from the Black Sea and the Atlantic Ocean, but a shrewd Yankee, by means of a contrivance of floats, had discovered that at the outlet into the Atlantic only about thirty feet of the surface water flowed inward, while there was a tremendous current under that flowing out. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, much bored, "that don't remind me of any story I ever heard of." The philosopher despaired of making a serious impression by his argument, and left.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.—On Thursday night last, a young and industrious girl, whose parents reside in West Derby, was on her way home to give to her mother her earnings, when she was set upon by a fellow named Frank LaBontee and before help arrived, this villain made six desperate but unsuccessful attempts to outrage the girl. Before midnight she had him arrested, and the next day when her attorney informed her that he had proposed to settle the matter by paying a sum of money she informed him that she wished no settlement—all she desired was that LaBontee should be punished and placed where he could not do the like again. The matter was finally "fixed up," by a small fine, and an enlistment on the part of the prisoner to raise the money to pay the same. Well—such is life.—Newport News.

A Chicago girl, tired of waiting for the young men who don't "propose"—probably on account of the expense, or the preponderance of girls since the war broke out—takes advantage of the season, and speaks out boldly in her own name in the "Wants" column of the Chicago Tribune, as follows:

"This is leap year. I'll wait no longer. So here I am, twenty-one years of age, prepossessing, medium size, healthy, educated, prudent, large-sparkling eyes, long black flowing hair, and as full of fun as a cheesecake is full of meat, born to make some man happy, and want a home. Does anybody want me?"

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose delights are in such things. The other is that kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. Now, it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. A slight education will modify both a little, and unite their good qualities in one.

Lieut. Geo. W. Debevoise, Co. G, 13th regiment, Invalid Corps, has been appointed Inspector of Provost Marshal's Board for Vermont.